

# SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES.

By MARION HARLAND.

## The Parents' Corner.

1. I am not a love-sick girl, but a mother in trouble. I hope you will be kind to me by answering these few lines. I have raised a large family—four boys and two girls—and have done all in my power to make a pleasant home for them. They have always had good and clean clothing, better than some children of rich parents. All my husband ever earned was \$12 a week. Now, it seems to me they don't appreciate what we have done. It makes me feel miserable sometimes, for they show no affection for me. They are away spending their vacation now. When they write they do not sign their names, "Your loving, or affectionate daughter." Please let me know, as soon as possible, what you think of them, and what I can do.

2. One thing more I would like to know. One of my daughters is to be married. Her intended has his parents here at present, and I have never met them. Would it be proper for me to call on his mother? Or is it her place to call on me?

A MOTHER.

The same mail that gives me this letter contains one from a personal friend, telling of certain changes in a family we both know well. In this connection occurs the following sentence:

"They have been the fondest of parents, grudging nothing which could conduce to their children's happiness, spending and being spent in their behalf. Now, in their old age, these children—all settled well in homes of their own—nobly repay love and sacrifice by devotion, utter and absolute—to their own selfish interests!"

The sarcasm stings like a whiplash. One could wish it laid upon the consciences of the ungrateful sons and daughters.

While every true-hearted parent will subscribe to the truth of the assertion that children are under no debt of gratitude to those who have given them birth for the maintenance which the law enjoins, it is, nevertheless, true that what their offspring receive over and above food, clothing, lodging, education and kind treatment is all of love and not a point of duty.

The law and common humanity command me to be just and benevolent to my children; to give them care and nursing when ill, to be fair and gentle to them when they are in health; thus stands the balance sheet, so far as parental obligation goes. The cry of some mothers, and occasionally a father's echo, of the plaint, "When I think of what I have done and suffered for you, and how ungrateful you are for home and care, my heart fairly breaks!" is so much tortured air to calm reasoners. We are responsible for our children's being—not they. How much we owe them in partial compensation for bringing them into this checkered life is "another story." I repeat that they owe us nothing for birth and respectable "bringing up."

The true sum of what they do owe is a matter for them to compute—not for the parents. I would have each man and woman who is reasonably honest in worldly dealings to draw up his or her own debit and credit account. The question to be settled is startling in its simplicity:

"What do I owe my father and mother for services rendered and benefits received beyond what the law compels them to do for me?"

I can answer for a majority of my readers that in weighing the subject their thoughts involuntarily and reverently find expression in sacred words:

"How great is the sum of them! If I should count them they are more in number than the sand!"

Now, for the special instance of want of appreciation of this solemn weight of gratitude, which one sore and sick-hearted mother lays before us.

In re-reading her letter carefully, I am moved to inquire how much of her suffering is due to actual undutifulness on the part of her children, and how much of her own morbid imagination. It is not a wholesome exercise for you, my sister, to turn over in your mind what you have done for your boys and girls, particularly while they are away, and the house is lonely for lack of cheery young voices and bounding footsteps. It is very possible that you wrest and distort youthful heedlessness into forgetfulness of you and indifference to your love and service. Judging your children by mine, and those of other loving parents, I know that far down in light and happy hearts abides love for mother and home, a constant sense of what parental love is to them, which can be compared to nothing more aptly than to what the air they breathe is to their bodies. It is about them, in them and of them. They could not live without it. They may not think of you consciously once an hour, now that they are in the full tide of vacation enjoyment, but your spirit is in them and with them. They are bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, soul of your soul. Nothing else in all God's world is so intimately, entirely and eternally yourself!

I am glad one of your girls is to be married, if she has chosen wisely. When she is a wife—and especially should she become a mother—she will enter into fuller sympathy with you than she ever dreamed of before—such entireness of appreciation of what you have been to her as you never dared hope for. Let this persuasion stay your hungry heart. A mother's place in her child's affection is unique and untransferable.

2. It is your duty to call upon the relatives of your future son-in-law. I hope the enlargement of your family circle will be altogether pleasant to you.

The enclosed letter is from my motherless little niece, who thought the usage of "the poor chickens were cruel." If those desiring the repetition of your recipes would clip them out ere they lay aside the paper, putting them in a box (which is my plan), it would save your time and theirs.

M. L. W.

I will not spoil the child's letter by editing:  
 Marion Harland:  
 Dear Friend—My uncle (where I am spending some weeks) takes your paper. I always read your column. Auntie said I should write to you for the benefit of one of your correspondents who told how she treated a setting hen.

When I go to gather eggs and find a hen wanting to set, I do not scare her, but auntie helps me catch her as quietly as possible. We put her in a pen, and feed her as much as she can eat and drink. Used like that, she lays eggs before she is out of the coop, sometimes. I do not wonder that lady's hens give her no eggs when she used them as she wrote you.

J. M'N.  
 "When people ceased to turn to look at me as I passed, I knew my day was over," said philosophical Recamier, the beauty, par excellence, of her generation.

When the children stop writing to me I shall know that my hold upon American families is waxing faint, shall put up my fountain pen, push back my desk, take up my knitting and settle into my chimney corner and amuse myself with what philosophy I can muster.

I thank the small hen-wife for helping me to postpone the evil day.

Would you kindly inform me as to the best exercise a child of four years could take to make her healthy and strong? We are living in a suburb, but I think she should have some simple out-door exercise.

G. E. W.  
 No child of that age will take prescribed exercise. The father of a brood of healthy boys thus describes the family formula of summering in the country: "We open the door in the morning and let them out, and open it in the evening to drive them in."

Let your baby out, and keep her in the open air all day, except when she is sleeping or eating. A yard of moderate size will be a large field to her. Six square feet of turf will be a campus—the theatre of gymnastic feats, original and self-imposed—which will develop every limb and muscle. Give her loose shoes, loose undergarments, a pair of overalls or "rompers," fresh air and her liberty. Then leave her to her own devices.

Can you suggest anything that will remove fly specks from a gilt picture frame?

GILT FRAMES.  
 Wring out a bit of soft flannel in kerosene and wipe the frames with it. Then polish with soft linen.

Will you please tell me how it is possible to preserve lemon juice?

HOUSEKEEPER.  
 I know of no way to prevent souring except by boiling it down, which injures the flavor. Can some housewife send a recipe?

### BARRYMORE'S PERENNIAL WIT.

Anecdotes Recalling Some of the General Actor's Bright Remarks.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Maurice Barrymore, actor, who is dying slowly of paresis, is a man who never slept so long as there were entertaining companions ready to talk and listen, a man who was never at a loss for an answer. If his witless remarks were collected, they would fill a book and lose half their charm. Probably he never uttered many of the clever things attributed to him, but there never was an evening too brilliant for Barrymore to have made it. But all of them showed that he possessed a remarkable mind. He was essentially a combatant and a chivalrous man. He loved a fight, intellectual or physical, for its own sake.

Once, when he was livid with rage over a reflection cast upon a woman he knew, a friend asked him why he restrained himself.

"Every blow struck in defense of a woman is a dent in her reputation," was Barrymore's reply.

He could be severe with women, too. Once he was playing with a "star" whose life was notorious. He quietly reproached her during a scene for flitting with a man in a box.

"Mr. Barrymore," she demanded, flittingly, "have you never known what it is to be associated with ladies?"

"Yes," said Barrymore, easily. "I was born and I am married."

"I said ladies, sir! Ladies!"

Barrymore grew white with anger, but the quick mind brought the bitterest retort he ever made.

"Oh, dear me, yes," he said, "I understand. You mean demi-monde. Yes, I know them also."

He was once at a table with a young woman who wanted to taste absinthe.

## Types of Notable American Women

No. 9



MARY E. WILKINS

## Canning Recipe by a Constituent.

Thoroughly cleanse the jars, partly fill with water, place the rubber in position, and put on the top securely, then turn the jar upside down and let it remain in this position a few minutes; if any water oozes out the jar is imperfect and should be set aside for some other work that does not require airtightness.

Carefully examine the berries, which should be firm and not overripe. Discard any that are bruised or imperfect (which can be used for jams). Place the berries in the jars as they are examined, shake the jars gently, but not enough to pack the fruit. For each quart jar of strawberries take twelve ounces of sugar (granulated or loaf sugar). Place this over the fire in a granite pan and add boiling water enough to dissolve the sugar; when entirely dissolved apportion the syrup among the jars, using a teaspoonful at a time in each jar until all has been used; fill with warm water the space that will remain in each jar; adjust the tops, but not tightly, and set the jars in a wash boiler on the stove; add lukewarm water to the boiler until it reaches within an inch of the tops of the jars; place the cover on the boiler and set it in a very moderate heat; as the water heats the berries are cooked. When the water in the boiler is nearly boiling they are generally cooked enough; when they are tender and a little soft they are cooked and ready to take off. Wrap a cloth about the hand, give the top of the jar sufficient tightening to lift out the jar by its top and place one jar on the table. Have ready boiling water, unscrew the top of the jar, fill it to overflowing and quickly fasten on the top, screwing it to place as tight as possible. Do this with all the jars, finishing one before removing a second from the kettle, placing the boiler on the back of the stove. Turn the jars upside down, resting each on its top, stand them out of a draught of air; when cold give a final tightening; set in a dry, cool place, free from light. Do not handle them after they are once set away, as any shaking is likely to ferment the fruit. Fruit canned in this way will not go to pieces. All other fruit is canned in the same way, but must boil longer when the fruit is large and solid, and all do not require so much sugar.

For cherries, sugar for each quart jar.....	8 ounces.
Raspberries.....	6 ounces.
Small sour pears (whole).....	10 ounces.
Peaches.....	10 ounces.
Bartlett pears.....	8 ounces.
Pineapples.....	8 ounces.
Crab apples.....	10 ounces.
Ripe currants.....	10 ounces.
Quinces.....	12 ounces.

Solid fruits must boil or steam from ten to thirty minutes, or until tender or easily pierced with a steel fork; then if has cooked enough.

A CONSTITUENT.

She wrinkled her brows for a few moments and then said:

"It is like something I had when I was a child. I mean it's like paregoric."

"You are quite right," remarked Barrymore. "Absinthe is the paregoric of second childhood."

Many were the passages he had with his wife, George Drew Barrymore, whose wit was as keen as his. She was a convert to the Catholic church. One morning, when he was coming home from an all-night session, he met her at the door staring forth for early mass.

"Just getting in, Mrs. Barrymore?" he inquired politely.

"No, I am going to church, while you, sir, are going to the devil."

He once had a dispute with a boastful bully, who declared:

"If I had you in Texas I'd blow your head off."

"Then your courage is a matter of longitude," said Barrymore, sweetly.

He was once on his way to the Catskills for a holiday, when he fell in with three other men.

"I am an actor, broken down by overwork, seeking health and rest," he said.

"I am a business man going to the mountains for the same reason," explained one of his new acquaintances.

"And I am an engineer, also broken down by work," said the second.

"And you, sir, are in the same boat with us," was asked the third.

"No, I am not. I am going to the hills for pleasure. I don't work. I am a gentleman."

"And plainly on a vacation," added Barrymore.

At one time "Barry" became interested in Christian Science. A physician said to him:

"I suppose, 'Barry,' you would throw physics to the dogs?"

"Not good dogs," he returned gravely. "There was a painting called 'Summer' in the Players' club that had been severely criticised. One evening Barrymore was listening to a discussion on the prodigality of actors and the nearness of the idle season."

"Why don't you save your money like me? But cheer up, boys; summer is not half as bad as it is winter!"

When Steele Mackay told Barrymore that he would never become a great actor until he experienced a great sorrow or a thrilling experience, the retort came in a flash:

"Write a play for me, Steele, and I shall get both."

### THE GIANT CACTUS.

Grows Sixty Feet Tall and Still Thrives in Southwestern Desert.

(Country Life in America.)

The Giant Cactus of Arizona and northern Mexico is the largest growing member of the cactus family, attaining a height of sixty feet and a diameter of two feet or more. In the United States it is usually known simply as the "giant cactus." In Mexico they call it "Saguaro" (the "g") has the sound of "w"). In proportion to their size the giant cacti are among the heaviest plants

Will pineapple stain? If so, what will take it out? I have had the misfortune to get pineapple juice on a dimity dress.

L. H.  
 Pineapple juice makes what may be called a clean stain, very different from the ugly, obstinate mark left by peaches and pears. If yours is a white dimity, cover the spot with lemon and salt and lay in the sun. If colored the case is more serious. Sponge off the saccharine matter with alcohol and warm water, then touch each spot lightly with household ammonia to coax back the color.

1. Where could I find some one who makes a specialty of printing memorial cards, poems, etc.? For six months I have inquired and sought to find such a person, but even those that make a specialty of memorial tablets could not give me any information. I am confident that I will find one through your helpful column.

2. Also, where will I find some one to put a name and two dates on a large shell to be placed on a grave?

3. A correspondent asks how to detect mushrooms from toadstools. Always cook a small onion or the half of a medium-sized one with the mushrooms. If there is a poisonous one among them it will turn the onion ink black, and the onion does not spoil their flavor.

From one who is passionately fond of mushrooms. MRS. L. M. F.  
 1. Consistently with my purpose of bringing Demand and Supply into actual touch, I insert the above request, coupled with the offer to pass over to our correspondent any items of information that may be entrusted to me. Yet the demand seems, at first sight, one which could be easily met.

3. I have never tried the onion test. Belief in it has passed from generation to generation in my own family, and I do not dare gainsay it. But, if the suspected delicacy is to be fried, saute or broiled, as many of us prefer to cook it, how can the onion be used? After all, the wisest thing is to be so well acquainted with the edible varieties as to run no risk of mistaking a poisonous toadstool for a nutritious mushroom. The cultivated mushrooms are always safe.

Will you kindly advise me, through your paper, how to curl an ostrich feather? I have quite a large one, and would like to curl it myself if possible.

E. M. H.  
 Hold and shake it in the steam of a boiling pot; then over the top of the hottest part of the range. One woman sets her plumes, while damp with the steam, upon a wire frame in the oven, closing the door half way until the feathers are curled and dried.

1. Please tell me (I am a young housewife 19 years old, and do not know as much about housekeeping as I ought to know) how I can clean the gold lining of a silver cream pitcher and spoon holder without affecting the gold. I have cleaned my silver tea set, and I noticed that the gold lining of the cream pitcher and spoon holder looks as if the gold had partly worn off. I cleaned them with a silver powder. Please tell me how to restore the brilliant look to the gold, and

2. Also how to clean silver.  
 3. Also how I can clean brass, such as the brass knobs of a desk, the handles of bureaus and such.

MRS. P. C.  
 The gold lining has probably been worn away by the plate powder. It seldom lasts long. One doubts the economy of coating silver with gold, since it invariably wears away after a few cleanings. I advise you to let it go. Nothing except annual rewashings will restore it, and, after all, it is less than skin deep, a meretricious glitter that deceives nobody.

2. Clean your silver daily by passing it through hot suds to which you have added a little ammonia. Weekly cleanings are not good housewifery. Keep silver clean and it will never need powders of any kind. Polish, while hot from the ammonia water, with chamois skin or old flannel.

3. Use the red pomade sold for brasses in the shops. Dip a bit of flannel into kerosene, rub upon the pomade and cover the brass with it. Leave for a few minutes and polish with soft linen, then with flannel until you can see your face in it.

If "Young Housewife" understands crocheting, the following directions will teach her to make a circular or umbrella shawl. S. C. means single crochet. D. C. means double crochet.

For single crochet put the hook into the stitch, draw the wool through, wool on needle, draw through the 2 on the needle.

For double crochet wool on the needle, draw through 2. Materials required, seven ounces of two-fold zephyr, No. 3 needle. Chain 4: nd join. Chain 4, make 9 d. c. in ring, and join. Always chain one between every 2 d. c. stitches. Chain 4, 2 d. c. in every space of preceding row, join, chain 4, put 2 d. c. in every other space of preceding row, and 1 d. c. in that between. Fifth row, chain 4, 1 d. c. in first space, 1 d. c. each in next two spaces, 2 d. c. in next, and so on around, and join. Repeat row after row, always making the additional stitches at the gores, until there are 22 d. c. between each 2 gores. Next chain 7, fasten at top of gore with s. c., chain 7, fasten in space next to gore. Repeat the chains, fastening in every other space all around, excepting at the gores, where they are fastened, one in the gore itself, and one in the space each side of it. Next row, chain 4, catch down in 7 chain with d. c., 1 chain d. c. in next 7 chain, and so on around the shawl. Next row, 2 d. c. between 2 of preceding row, 1 chain d. c. in same space, 1 chain, repeat in next space, and on around the shawl. Repeat for seven rows, then make 7 rows of 6 stitch shells, and 7 rows of 8 stitch shells. Finish shawl with one row of 12 stitch shells, 4 picots to each shell.

HELPFUL.  
 "Young Housewife" probably does understand crocheting, or she would not have undertaken the umbrella shawl. I thank "Helpful" in her name and in my own.

Please inform me how to clean Wilton rug furniture. READER.

If it were mine, I should beat it thoroughly to get all the dust out, scrub the spots with white soap and water into which a little ammonia had been stirred; wipe dry, and after a few hours, strew fine dry salt over it, brushing it out an hour or so later.

May I ask if, some day, the fruits that are best suited to go together, berries, etc., may be given. While doing up the early berries one said, "O raspberries are flat!" another, "Nothing in huckleberries," etc., and then some one said, "I never drink plain lemonade any more; 'tis out of date, and a fruit mixture is pleasanter." It seems that it is true, and plain fruit of one kind also seems not just the thing, so I hesitated in my preserving, wondering what I could mix with this or that to improve it. I hit upon a delightful combination in red raspberries and red currants; the jelly is "just right"—according to the man of our house, my first attempt and a perfect success, but the currant taste is best in raspberries. PENN.

Your combination of currants and raspberries is excellent. Huckleberries and currants are also good. A mixture of huckleberries, gooseberries and currants give a fine jelly, and a good jam, although both are dark in color. Quince and apple marmalade, crabapple and quince jelly, peach and pineapple marmalade, peach jelly made piquant with lemon juice, pear marmalade enlivened by green ginger root, all are worthy of your attention. Combination is the order of the day.

Would you kindly inform me of your method of taking chewing gum out of clothing? If you will, you will be conferring a great favor upon me.

C. C. C.  
 I have no "method" of my own, nobody in my household chewing gum. Here is a good recipe: Soak in household ammonia until softened. Wash out then with soap and water. Ammonia will also remove the gum left by sticky fly paper.

Will you kindly inform me, through your paper, where I can buy the herb or root called "Golden Seal" in a green state, as used by the homeopaths for making their "Mother Tincture"?

J. W. C.  
 Knowing nothing of "Golden Seal," except that Grandpa Fisher of "Cape Cod Folks" commended it to the new teacher as a sovereign remedy for all fleshly ailments, I refer the query to wiser herbalists.

known, the body being largely composed of water. So full are they that travelers nearly perishing of thirst have saved themselves by cutting out a large piece and shaping the bottom of the wound to catch the water or sap, which collects in a considerable quantity in an incredibly short time. One would scarcely seek to quench his thirst in this manner except in case of dire necessity, for the sap is not of a pleasant taste.

The flowers, usually white, though sometimes tinged with smoky blue, are borne in a cicle of clusters near the top of the plant, giving the effect of its being crowned with a wreath of white blossoms. These blossoms are followed by dull red, edible fruits, quite like a fig or pear in shape. The native Indians make it a point to gather all these fruits for food, and in addition manufacture from them an intoxicating beverage. To obtain these fruits the Indians push

them off one at a time, using a long pole, which is sometimes obtained from a dead trunk of one of these giants, for when dry the body splits up into thin strips the extreme length of the plant. The flower of the giant cactus has been adopted by Arizona as the territorial flower, but the sensational newspaper articles about the danger of its extinction are greatly overdrawn.

Our Fatal Sports.

"It's fellows out here," said Two-tooth Thompson, who had just returned to New Mexico after a visit to the effete east, "um fellows out here brags about poker being a fatal sport, but I want to say to you that they got a game down east called ottermobility that is more dangerous to life than a five-ace deck. Why, it snakes in the guy that is just a-lookin' over shoulders, as well as the gent that is sittin' in on the play."